

# The COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK	437
NO ESCAPE IN BROOKLYN	C. G. Paulding 440
SEA-THRIFT ( <i>Verse</i> )	Alfred Noyes 442
PREPAREDNESS—1890	T. D. Lyons 443
CREDIT UNIONS IN AMERICA	Arline Genereux 445
COMMUNICATIONS	447
THE STAGE	Grenville Vernon 449
THE SCREEN	Philip T. Hartung 449
BOOKS OF THE WEEK	450
<i>Two Lives of Saint Cuthbert—Blessed Rose Philippine Duchesne—Saint Gemma Galgani— The Bottlenecks of Business—The Folly of Bigotry—The Fifth Column Is Here—This Is Wendell Willkie—Schoolmaster of Yesterday The South American Handbook</i>	
IN THE GROOVE	C. J. Balliett, Jr. 454
THE INNER FORUM	456

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## Destruction of London

THE wholesale bombing of London is not a surprising development; it had been predicted and widely expected from the very outset of the war. Yet somehow our foreknowledge does not seem to make any less terrible the killing of hundreds, the maiming of thousands, the wearing down of millions of virtually helpless people. Star correspondents with a graphic sense and increasingly efficient wire-photo services day after day bring the destruction and suffering right to the American breakfast table. Night after night, men, women and children are huddled in air raid shelters, particularly tragic hits are scored on schools, shelters and hospitals, time bombs explode long after the raiders have flown off. No European city has ever had to suffer such intense, continuous and large-scale bombing as London. Those hale of limb are beginning to get on each other's nerves. How long, one wonders, can the bravest people stand the din and sleeplessness, the horrible uncertainty, the tragic losses of homes and friends and livelihood. Human ingenuity, modern science, the gifts of creation have been compounded to achieve a new peak of destructiveness; the character of modern war is unmistakable. To prevent the recurrence of such a cataclysm humanity should be willing to go to almost any lengths.

## Total Warfare

## The Other War

IT IS perhaps false, it is certainly terrible to say that any good can come out of the bloody destruction of the war in the Far East; yet it looks as though that is precisely what is to a certain extent happening. China lost her industrial regions to Japan because they were concentrated near her sea ports. She was faced with the necessity of building up a new industry, to provide her refugees with jobs and herself with the products of their labor. She proceeded to work out a scheme called "Chinese Industrial Co-operatives" which has already set up some 2,000 workshops scattered over an area of thousands of square miles. Each workshop is the property of the workers who operate it—usually a group of fifteen to twenty. A central organization provides initial capital from a revolving fund, as well as technical advice and educational assistance. Such a movement could easily mean the eventual disappearance of the sort of industrial capitalism from whose effects China and the world have suffered so greatly; here is Antagonism being applied to the problems of a nation of hundreds of millions of people, and it is being tried here as it was in Nova Scotia, as the result of dire necessity. Another good fruit of the war is the real progress being made in the field of public health. There has hitherto been a deep-seated psychological antipathy on the part of the Chinese masses to observing the elementary precepts of modern hygiene. Again necessity has broken down barriers, and the National Red Cross reports through the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China that mass inoculations can be given, sanitary rules made and observed, with none of the old psychological obstacles to surmount. Of course the obstinacy of Chinese resistance can turn into a vicious, exaggerated nationalism, which would be sad indeed. One can only hope that this tendency will not go further than it has already, that it will even recede. In any case some of the reports from afflicted Asia have about them a truly heroic quality.

## Rumania and Hungary

THE FINALITY of Hitler's emerging Europe is open to all the doubt that remains about the outcome of the war with England and to the doubts one has about the power of German policing and the relation Hitler's settlements have to the ordinary forces of history. There was no reason for Hitler not to do his best with Hungary and Rumania; his Reich will gain by every bit of genuine stability now that can be created along the lower Danube. And the Hitler-guided transfer of part of Transylvania

## What Stability?

does not conspicuously offend justice. Rumania had very poor chances to retain her enlarged boundaries from the very first. Viewed from abroad, her method of trying singularly lacked principle. Since the first weakening of France and of the Little Entente, she appeared a completely unreliable ally, attempting to play all sides of the balance of power. No country adopted more wholeheartedly the policy of fighting fire with fire, abandoning any political principles of her own. Dictatorship, anti-Semitism, money and trade manipulation, tampering arbitrarily with property, almost anything which seemed to threaten Rumania, she was willing to take up and use to undermine or short circuit the exterior threat. Rumania has tragically shown that fighting fire with fire sometimes only adds fierceness to the conflagration. Since Trianon, Hungary has been a more constant factor for Europe to consider. Perhaps no less egotistic than Rumania, she has carried on her campaign to reclaim lost territories with great directness, remarkably little disturbance and threats, and with an apparent determination to maintain her own integrity. Hungary's dependence on greater neighbors has undoubtedly badly affected her internal régime, and still threatens her statehood and independence, but changes have not been put on so much to please the esthetic sense of foreign bullies. Hungary may yet prove to be a hard rock in Eastern Europe, and it would not be the first time in history. Rumania never took the necessary step of appeasing Hungary (if it would have done her any good or not); now Hungary would do well to try to build up her dismantled neighbor. Hungary can claim success in the old Europe, but the fight for integrity in Hitler's Europe has just begun.

### *Headway in Hemisphere Defense*

**THE PRESTIGE** the United States acquired by the exchange of 50 destroyers for leases on British bases can only be heightened by the State Department's immediate offer of those facilities to all the Latin-Americans. Hardly

Neglected  
Quarters

more than a gracious gesture now, it does keep the record straight that hemisphere defense is by rights a joint problem. Costa Rica's expression of willingness to cooperate on defense measures without compensation and Brazil's official expression of pleasure over the base-destroyer deal are indicative of the direction of Latin-American reactions. The \$500,000,000 appropriation for Latin-American economic development should start up new industries to produce strategic materials which we have formerly obtained from other parts of the world. Part of it can be spent to set up plants near raw materials down there to make consumer goods we used to buy elsewhere. If it all works, we will be in a

position to compete with the expected Nazi drive for Latin-American markets and increased influence. Another step sure to make for better relations is our abandonment of the collection of the customs of the Dominican Republic after 16 years of getting back instalments on defaulted securities.

Are there not other important avenues of approach to Pan-Americanism? A certain engaging frankness as to our aims—commercial and political—might go far toward emptying the reservoirs of suspicion dammed up by skilful Nazi propaganda and memories of uncouth gringo salesmen and dollar diplomacy. A more active interest in the well-being of the peoples in the other Americas could be manifested by greater assistance in the field of public health, for instance. An eagerness to get to know their culture and their problems and to make our own way of life better known to them would go a long way. In fact, it is on the aspect of building up sound cultural relations that we are most deficient. Hampered by inadequate funds the State Department can do very little. Arrangements for exchange students and exchange professorships—which might be undertaken in collaboration with the large foundations and universities—are pitifully meager. Looked at coldly from a purely military angle it is hard to see why so inexpensive and effective a means of building up hemisphere defense is almost wholly neglected. And each of us—Latin-Americans and North Americans—have so much to contribute to the lives and well-being of the other that there is every reason for developing real neighborliness.

### *Social Effects of Arms Billions*

**THE RESPONSIBILITIES** of the government in pouring out these billions of dollars for

armaments is enormous and complex. The things purchased ought to be as good as possible and gotten by the least social expenditure of the whole people. The

over-all cost in terms of lowered standard of living should be as justly distributed among the people as legislators, philosophers and administrators can arrange. The impact—or stimulation—of the buying ought to be directed as much as possible to result in a shift of national organization toward a long-term national ideal and not away from it. In the very first place, arms purchases will powerfully affect the residence of Americans and the location of their factories and industry. Regional planning has never had so tremendous a tool at its disposal—if citizens insist on its being used.

The armament program should and can be utilized to encourage decentralization, a better distribution of the people in relation to one another and in relation to the natural resources of

the country, their distribution, transportation and defense. At present this means first of all the building up of small and middle sized communities at the expense of the great metropolitan districts, and a general trend away from the Northeast to all the rest of the country. Already the realities of taxes, congestion, living costs and opportunities, transportation, personal desires, biologic facts are pushing somewhat in that direction. The census, we are told, shows that 8 of the 10 largest cities lost population during the past decade. For military reasons the government is on record, at least, as wanting arms plants to be developed between the Appalachians and Rockies. Airplane manufacturers are building in Buffalo, Columbus, St. Louis, big cities, but inland. New York City companies are moving arms production plants away from town; one factory location service alone tells of placing factories promising 10,000 jobs out of the metropolitan area. Westinghouse Electric for war orders is "erecting 16 new buildings in 6 States."

This tendency should be pushed, and more realistically than it has been so far. Narrow and short-sighted interests in the big cities are organizing and working to hold on to their money values from congestion. The inertia of custom, all the remaining centripetal forces of the urbanizing era, exert pressure to keep the Northeast and the big cities getting at least their ordinary proportion of new business. A positive program to cut off the almost automatic piling up of cities is needed, and a positive encouragement to population, social and economic decentralization.

### *Six Hundred People*

SIX HUNDRED people sat in a circus tent erected in the quadrangle of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, in New York, one afternoon this week attending a meeting of the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion in Their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life. The founding members, many of them friends of ours, hoped that some order might be agreed upon to end intellectual chaos.

Maritain spoke first on the Thomist conception of the hierarchy of knowledge. There is no need for us to comment upon this architecture for the spiritual and intellectual life of man. The French philosopher described it with the emotion and clearness which characterize his thought. To us—and we think it would be so even if we were not Catholics—it seems the most satisfactory framework for man's search for truth. We sat under the circus tent sheltered from the rain while transport planes flew low overhead and we thought of other planes over other cities: we heard Father Gerald Phelan approve Maritain and Professor

Frank of Harvard object, in the name of the Vienna school of positivism, to his thesis. We then heard Professor Macintosh of Yale on the "Logic of Constructive Theology." He seemed to us particularly benevolent and kind, and his plan unfortunate in being presented immediately after that of Saint Thomas.

Mortimer J. Adler renewed our interest in the proceedings. This conference was called, he said, because the need for it was pressing. Professors, rightly, were charged with the education of youth; they were therefore rightly present because the object of the meetings was to give precision to the aim and technique of education. But because the men at this conference were mainly professors, the conference was doomed from the start to fail. For professors meet only to defend their sacred right to differ, their delectation in doubt. Their tolerance is only the price they pay others for the privilege of listening to themselves. They cannot change their minds, they cannot be convinced. For there is no absolute truth, only their patented speculation. In their hearts philosophy can never be more than opinion, religion a certain inclination to believe. But this they will not clearly admit because they are tolerant. Their attitude threatens greater disintegration than does Hitler's attack. "A civilization may sometimes reach a rottenness which only fire can expunge and cleanse. Fire or a flood."

At this point the scientific laws of mass, viscosity, wind and gravity, acting upon a section of the circus tent and upon a localized accumulation of rain water, produced a disequilibrium which drenched a portion of the audience. I had not expected the flood so soon, said Dr. Adler. If by a most unlikely chance the congregated professors want to know the reason for their disunion, the reason for the lamentable state of modern society, the reason for the totalitarian horror, they have simply to answer two questions. Do they believe that philosophical truth is superior to scientific truth? Do they believe that there is one God and one absolute religious truth? If they are honest they will say No; if they say No, they are positivists.

Sydney Hook, representing or not the congregation of professors, rose to shout that Dr. Adler was a fascist, intellectually dishonest and arrogant, who sought to bring the Gestapo and the Inquisition to America. We rose to go back to work. As we left this session of the meeting, the problem of relating the action of those who find an end spontaneously generated in scientific experiment and those whose goal is defined by religion and philosophy seemed more clearly defined and harder to resolve. We overheard two departing professors: "How unfortunate," one of them remarked, "that the academic tone was somewhat lost toward the end of the proceedings."



# No Escape in Brooklyn

"Happy Motoring" fails to make a man forget that he is far from home.

By C. G. Paulding

THE PRIEST from Paris was tired and if priests always have to carry a weight of sadness because they are the delegates of man, at this time this priest had also to carry the sadness of his nation. He had to admit temporal despair and stubbornly restate the case against despair. The French people in New York came to him patiently, persistently, and incessantly to place before him the accumulating evidence of catastrophe. They explained to him the fall of their country with the logic and finality with which they would demonstrate the fall of Newton's apple; the fact that all freedom of action was lost coexisted in their minds with the fact that parallel lines do not meet; just as the priest was present at birth and at death, now they demanded that he countersign and validate their misery. They wanted the certitude that this man who represented them had not escaped from solidarity with them in this hour. They obtained from him the agonized and obvious admission that such a solidarity was a fact and then, improvising a new variation on the pattern of centuries, the priest now weighted with a cluster of their despairs as well as by his own would advance towards the immutable certitudes of his faith. From this mission, he realized there would and could be no release: from the beginning a priest's mission had been this. The greater the suffering he could make his own, the more suffering would be present, by delegation, there where he knew was its proper place.

## Battery Park

It was for his friends to insist that he should escape on a Saturday afternoon from time to time and drive in a car. That is the way Americans escape from the week's work: you know Father, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Chevrolet, a Frenchman, and Mr. Cadillac, a Frenchman but wealthier, and Mr. Plymouth, a Puritan, and Mr. Pontiac, an American Indian, together with the Italian Mr. Esso, have made this possible for almost all of us except for the convicts and the people in the hospitals and those who through their own fault have not been successful in the American Way. This activity is called on the radio "Happy Motoring" and you should hear the music they get into the words.

We drove down the Hudson to Battery Park—past *Normandie* lying there at her dock with

the air of being closed like a house where there is a death, past the fruit markets and the fish market and the white ships that go to Panama, along the line of the docks. We left the car and sat in the Park. We watched young couples and families go aboard the Coney Island boat of the "Mandalay Line." Forward on the top deck an accordion, a bugle and a drummer, dressed in naval uniforms, played "I'll Never Smile Again" and the Line's theme song "On the Road to Mandalay." Opposite us a man on a bench cut a cantaloupe in two with a pocket knife, dumped the seeds from one half on the grass back of the bench, sliced the half into sections, cut the flesh close to the rind and lifted it on the point of the knife to his mouth. The bugle on the Mandalay boat blew God Bless America over the sunny park and the benches and the children playing, a shrill whistle rose with a little cloud of steam from a peanut stand, the Coney Island boat headed out toward the Statue of Liberty. Over there to the left I said is Governor's Island where there are barracks and parade grounds and tennis and a golf course. We Americans rarely see Generals except in the pictures—we have not even any jokes about Generals—but there may be a real one over there, only it is Saturday and he probably has gone away for the weekend, and that, I thought, too late, was a stupid thing to say to a man who did not need to be reminded of the war.

You have not hired a guide I said, but all the land here in Battery Park should be sacred to Americans because here there landed for years all the immigration that made our country. Here they would stand, the greenhorns, the Polacks, the Jews, the Wops, the Dutchmen, Irish, Greeks, uncertain, with their bundles, not knowing where to turn. And here, the only greeting they got after that of the Statue down the Bay, came from the men of the employment agencies. They would hear a familiar dialect, the Yiddish of their region, the Sicilian, Calabrian, Piedmontese of their village, and they would trust the familiar sounds. The agents led them to the sweatshop, to the railroad gangs and to the coal mines, but also to night school, and to the "other side of the fence," to being bankers, sculptors, inventors, philanthropists. What we call the immigrants became people like Carl Schurz, Steinmetz, Associated Farmers,

Joe di Maggio, Giannini: they became diversified, harmful and beneficent people precisely as did the earlier immigrants whom we still call humorously the "real" Americans. Jacob Epstein came from Central Europe to the New York East Side and later when he became a very great sculptor went to live and work in London, England: the older immigration took longer to learn, was slower about it: The James family was here for I do not know how long before Henry became a famous writer and went to live and work in London, England. Epstein and James: the same process. America was the place you could come to, move freely within, depart freely from. Men of all origins had found a place where you did not have to register: the world had found a model playground, a model workshop, an experimental farm. It was too good to last: the immigrants and the "real" Americans forgot that this earth is something to use, discovered that it was something you could own, closed the gates. "No admittance. We are busy counting noses, filing fingerprints: you cannot come in and you cannot go out. This is my house, this is my business."

It is difficult to explain New York to a foreigner; difficult to explain any city to a foreigner. Sometimes literature helps: if all the street names have been used in great novels, if history has always used the same scenery. The Paris streets are that way. It is impossible to think of the Champs Elysées without seeing Flaubert's hero of the Education Sentimentale sitting in the Tivoli Gardens watching the dance, without seeing the crowds driving back from the races and the Allies parading after their victory and the Germans after theirs. But in New York history and the city have advanced together. Lower Fifth Avenue is charged with memories not younger than those of the Champs Elysées: it too saw parades after victory, carriages, and what they called at the time "elegance," but all the fine houses are gone, and, for a foreigner, there is nothing with which to reconstruct the past. How is it possible to make evident to him the overtones of a New York address? Our numbered streets are a secret language. It is too difficult to explain, I said. Let us go where the streets mean no more to me than they do to you: let's go and get lost in Brooklyn.

### Brooklyn Bridge

We drove up South Street and then turned in to City Hall, and then under the El and up the incline to Brooklyn Bridge. There has to be one more lesson here, Father, before we pass into the unknown. That sign on top of a building there: the *Daily Forward*. I suppose no one will speak to you about it. That is Abraham Cahan's paper, printed in Yiddish. He came here to the East Side from the ghetto of a Russian village. He went to night school and he learned English;

he worked in the sweatshops, but money was not the thing he sought. Who will ever count the immigrants who did not seek money? He sought justice for his people; to him coming from the study of the Hebrew law, a study conducted in a vacuum for it could apply only, could have some influence only, within the oppressed limits of his own people, the great revelation was the traditional English Common Law. Justice was the only thing that could count. The point is that when he learned English it was to read Shakespeare, when he learned American history it was to discover the Declaration of Independence, the Gettysburg Address, and to come upon these with a passion that no American, secure after the achievement, normally could feel. All the hardships of his arrival in this country were compensated by a feeling of liberation and limitless opportunity. This feeling, obscured in the consciousness of many immigrants by the hard need of earning a living, canceled in many by success or by failure, he retained. He had come here for justice and he worked here for justice. Year after year he wrote his paper to persuade the Yiddish speaking population of New York that justice was all that mattered. The new generations speak English, buy English language papers. Abraham Cahan is giving a life work to a transitional need: the intellectual guidance of a people, his people, who inevitably are to leave him, presumably are to forget him. But the men who still work in the sweatshops read on his literary page translations of the greatest literature; while they learn as best they can the language of their new country, they are sustained spiritually, they are intellectually linked to the thought of their time.

"And here is the Bridge, Father, and I do not think it possible to tell you what it means to do a Steve Brodie. And I will not bother you with Whitman: he was the man eating the melon in Battery Park."

"You are incredibly self conscious about your country," said the priest from Paris, "don't you remind yourself of the young fascists in Rome who used to drive us round the city? As your Mr. Willkie says it is not what you do but how you do it. If you know nothing about Brooklyn we might drive in silence."

"I know what silence would mean."

"It would mean no more than what exists all round me. I am no immigrant. I cannot choose among countries. No naturalization can free me, I am naturalized a priest, a French priest."

"Father, we said we would not speak today of France."

"If I spoke about God you would drive your car into a truck. If you wish I can give you a little picture which, unlike those that priests sometimes carry in their pockets to give children, has no meaning at all. On the ship coming from that

country to this country one of your immigrant children was dancing along the deck. As the ship's bow rose and fell the horizon now was the sea and now the sky. As the ship's bow rose the child found that she was dancing up hill and her motion slowed as if she were carrying a great weight; as the ship's bow fell she was released from the weight, was lighter than she had ever felt herself to be. That's all. That also is all the artist must represent, the weight, effort, rhythm, design, but with the interference of speed, wind, light: all that in a sculpted figure, in a pencil drawing, on canvas and with no text to explain, no accessories, no sound effects, no motion pictures, no title."

### *Red Hook*

We stopped at a light. We looked through the rear window of the car in front of it and between the heads of the people in it, through its windshield, at a group of men standing in front of a loft building. A man was talking to a policeman. The policeman started forward very slowly, pushed his left three times slowly into the man's face, standing him up, and then brought his right into his face. The man fell slowly to the sidewalk and lay still. The light changed.

"Now that child dancing that I was talking about," said the priest from Paris, "can you imagine what it would be to see her life, not in retrospect, but all of it at the same time or rather out of time. The child, the woman, the old woman, her birth, her death. Or to see nations as they are formed, grow to power, perish? I try to think of Tyre and Sidon, Thermopylae. Imagine the dark wars we have never heard of. I think of Malplaquet and Waterloo and the Wilderness, Valmy and Sedan. Timeless, out of time. The shifting partners, the obscure purpose, in this dance of life and death. I see your immigrants and your Negroes and your Indians, the South of your country, the great Western plains and the deserts and the cities and this Manhattan and this Brooklyn and the Mexicans to the south and the people who live in France, Germany, England, Russia, and the Italians and the Norwegians. I see them all, the places and the people and the Chinese and the Hindus and the people who live on that island which is visited by a British ship once a year. I see myself gone and my name gone in a few years, and these peoples and their names gone in a few years. But always children dancing and growing old and dying. There can be no basis for hate; only the elements for an immense awe that we should be here to see this world if only for a season. Yet I should like again to see the light smoke rising from the chimney of my house in the village. For autumn will soon come to France."

We passed shipyards with ships high in the drydock, we drank a coke and watched some base-

ball. We walked out to a lumber yard and to the end of the dock between the piles of lumber. There were barges moored there to the dock. Across a narrow arm of the Bay four Norwegian ships were at anchor. A tugboat edged up to the dock, two bells rang for reverse and then one bell and she drifted alongside with the distance nicely judged. The Captain put on his coat and came ashore. The deck hands came ashore. A cook was tidying up the galley. We could see Governor's Island and Staten Island and to the left were silos and warehouses and docks and the coast running on towards Coney. There was a plank tied to one of the barges and to the dock. The priest from France said: "Could we go onto the barge?"

I said, "No one will say anything to you."

We crossed onto the barge and went as far as we could get to where it reached the farthest into the Bay. We stood on the barge and now there was nothing between us and the Bay.

The priest pointed down the bay: "That is where the ships go out to sea?"

I said: "They point down there towards the island and then they turn to the left following the deep channel. Ambrose . . ."

The priest said: "Never mind about Ambrose."

We stood there and we did not say anything. A breeze ruffled the water. Presently the priest turned and we came back onto the dock. The towers of New York rose beyond the lumber yard and beyond the red ships in drydock. They caught the light of the sunset.

### *Sea-Thrift*

Flower of the sea,  
Brave thrift, you wake for me,  
Fifty years back, one ageless memory,

Whose roots entwine  
A childhood where you shine  
Clear as today against the quivering brine.

Wet with salt spray  
Your roseate heads today  
Beckon me, from a world long past away.

Clear, and more clear  
You grow, until I hear  
The voice that named you first in childhood's ear.

Wars ebb and flow;  
And still your petals glow  
Crisp, roseate, clear, as fifty years ago;

Never to fall  
Or fade beyond recall—  
A small bright cloud—that clings—to a grey wall.

ALFRED NOYES.



# Preparedness—1890

The Governor of the Dakota Territory chose guns and ammunition instead of 100,000 rations, and the Sioux were lost.

By T. D. Lyons

ON DECEMBER 3 and 4, 1890, the Congress of the United States debated the question of preparedness. It came up on joint resolution by the Committee on Military Affairs, authorizing the Secretary of War to issue arms and ammunition to the people of South Dakota for the purposes of self-defense.

Governor Mellette, of South Dakota, on November 26, had written to General Miles that the Messiah Craze, or Ghost Dance, had become dangerous to the settlers.

Scotty Phillips, a cattleman with an Indian family who lived at the mouth of the Grand Stone Butte Creek, eighty miles up Bad River, had been a Scout in the Sioux troubles of 1875-76 (Custer Massacre). He told the Governor there was danger of an Indian uprising, and that it might come very quickly. He said the Pass Creek Dance had been running for a month and that there were 1,000 lodges and 1,500 warriors there. The Governor certified to his belief in Phillips's judgment and asked General Miles and the Secretary of War to send guns and ammunition to him at Huron.

Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, the tall Sycamore of the Wabash, said he believed it would be far better to issue 100,000 rations of food to the starving Sioux Indians. The debate did not proceed very far before the names of Sitting Bull and Red Cloud became prominent.

Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, a great Republican pillar of society, who afterwards gave his name to an older Dawes Commission (famous in the Indian Territory), said that Sitting Bull was the most pious hypocrite in the country, and that was saying a great deal.

Senator Voorhees quoted General Miles as saying that Sitting Bull was the greatest Indian who had ever lived—abler even than the great Tecumseh.

In the end, however, the arms and ammunition were voted and issued to the Governors of North and South Dakota. Sioux Indian policemen, under the command of Lieutenant Bull-head, arrested Sitting Bull in his cabin, in the presence of his two wives, children and grandchildren. They disarmed the old chief and led him out into the yard and ordered him to mount his horse and go with them. One of Sitting Bull's friends raised the war whoop. Someone (just who is a matter of controversy)

fired a shot. The Indian policemen instantly killed their unarmed captive with rifle fire. A few days later, the Seventh Cavalry attempted to disarm Indian braves at the Wounded Knee. A half-crazed, fanatical medicine-man threw a handful of dust in the air with an incantation supposed, by his disciples, to ward off the bullets of the soldiers and to bring a deadly hail upon them. Some of Sitting Bull's followers who were present fired on the soldiers, killing several privates and some of the officers. The Seventh Cavalry shouted, "Remember Custer," and returned the fire. The infuriated soldiers did their work too well, and with rifle fire and artillery salvos killed and wounded Indian bucks, Catholic priests and sisters, and shot Indian women and babies so that the corpses lay in rows for days on the frozen prairie.

I recall the indignation and grief of my father when the news of the killing of the old Sioux statesman came to our home on a winter's day in December, 1890. He had known the old chief and felt that to have him killed, an unarmed captive, by men of his own Nation was a piece of tragic savagery which would always be a blot on President Harrison's administration. Bishop Marty, the great Catholic apostle to the Sioux, and Bishop Hare, the Episcopalian Bishop, a great friend of the Indians and a Sioux linguist, felt deep sorrow and publicly expressed it. The Eastern papers finally denounced the killing of Sitting Bull as an act little short of an assassination.

I recall distinctly the sharp, vivid shock which the news gave me, although I was but a small boy. This was due, perhaps, to the fact that, about eighteen months previous, I had seen the two great Sioux statesmen—Sitting Bull and Red Cloud—under the most peaceable domestic conditions.

The circumstances which led up to this event are present in memory. In April, 1889, we were living on my father's ranch twenty miles southwest of DeSmet, Dakota Territory. (It is needless to say that DeSmet was named in honor of the great missionary to the Northwest, Peter Johann DeSmet, S.J.) This ranch was called the "Big Place" to distinguish it from the "Prairie Queen" place, in Lake County, and the Redstone Ranch on the Jim River. The Prairie Queen place had only one and a half sections of land, while the Big Place really amounted to something: there

was a whole section of land fenced with barbed wire. This, of course, was the pasture; two school sections rented for hay land; an entire section put into corn; a half-section in barley; three quarter-sections in oats; eighty acres in millet; and five sections, 3,200 acres, in wheat. One hundred fine Norman-Percheron draft horses, not one weighing under 1,600 pounds, furnished the power for seeding, haying, harvesting, plowing and hauling. Thirty-five bronchos did general light duty; my father's fine Hambletonians being reserved for pulling rubber-tired buggies on short drives. The Democrat spring wagon (with three spring seats, each of which accommodated three men and a boy comfortably) was drawn by six mules, and was the vehicle customarily used on a long trip—such as was under discussion.

I can recall my earnest plea to my mother and father to "let me go too," and the final compromise, that I was to go only as far as DeSmet, stay there all night and ride back the next day with George Davidson, a sort of "straw boss" on the Big Place who was hauling out a load of barbed wire spools to fix fence.

My father had just been elected a delegate from District No. 17 to the Constitutional Convention of South Dakota, to be held at Sioux Falls on July 4. Some question had arisen about a divergence between the Seventh Standard Parallel of Dakota, which was to be the dividing line between North and South Dakota, and the regularly designated 46th parallel of latitude. My father and some of his friends were riding north to inspect the situation for their own information.

Some of the pioneers had opposed statehood and complained that Dakota Territory had dwindled from the time of my father's first trip to the Missouri River, in 1862, as a mere boy. Then the Dakota Territory stretched beyond the Rockies on the west, and had an area of 350,000 square miles—more than all of Europe west of Russia; equal to Texas and Oklahoma combined. Now the Territory had shrunk to 150,000 square miles, and there was a squabble over a divergence between the 46th parallel of latitude and the Seventh Standard Parallel of Dakota, which, I believe, were found by the surveyor to be about seven miles apart.

#### *We leave*

We left the Big Place about six P.M. and pulled into DeSmet with the mules fresh and good humored at about ten P.M. My father advised me to stretch out on some sacks of oats in the livery stable office, and I slept there soundly until an instinct awakened me, and I saw they were hitching the six big mules to the Democrat wagon. It must have been about four o'clock in the morning and the stars were shining beautifully over the level prairie. George Davidson had reported

to my father that old Hannah, one of his team, was lame and that the blacksmith was so busy sharpening plow-points for "sod-busters" that he could not get her shod that day. This, of course, would delay George's return to the Big Place, so my father decided that I might as well continue on the trip.

George M. Stratton was driving back to Redstone Ranch with his fine pacing stallion, Damascus I, and he promised to get word to my mother of the situation and explain that I was continuing on the journey with my father.

I afterwards heard the legend, much repeated, that the Constitutional Convention statesmen refreshed themselves while I slept with a light game of poker, in which tons of hay were bet in the final jack-pot against cords of wood piled up down in the Missouri Valley, near Elk Point. The loser was said to have been a gentleman who later occupied the office of United States Senator from South Dakota, and Republican boss until 1896 when he took a walk out of the Republican National Convention at St. Louis on the Free Silver issue. These high matters were, of course, beyond my comprehension, but I can still recall the hearty jocularity of the booming frontier voices, and the magnificent clouds of cigar smoke which defended the Democrat spring wagon against the onslaught of mosquitoes.

As we drove out of DeSmet headed toward Big Stone Lake, there was a sweet smell of buffalo grass and bluejoint, and at daylight we heard the plovers cry, and the prairie chickens call, and the plaintive oft-repeated melody of the meadow lark. The meadow lark's song even when heard today "strikes upon the soul." I think it was shortly after sundown when we drove into the great Indian encampment and heard from the half-French chief of the Sissetons and Wahpetons that they had distinguished visitors from the tribes west of the Missouri. Later on, a sort of council was held between the Sioux chiefs and headmen and the members of the Constitutional Convention. I heard the names of Red Cloud and Sitting Bull, but paid little attention to those chiefs. I had seen thousands of big husky Sioux Indians, and my only interest in them was confined to the skilled, bare-back riders, who would race their Indian ponies without the use of either bridle or saddle.

But, in the fall of the next year, 1890, these names filled the headlines in the Sioux Falls *Argus Leader* and the Sioux Falls *Press*. We had been hearing for weeks of the Messiah Craze, the Ghost Dance and of Sitting Bull. A close family friend, Darwin Sims, had fallen with Custer at the Little Big Horn, in 1876, and his name was mentioned in the household. The Seventh Cavalry and General Miles were again in the headlines. My father thought that the whole situation could be eased



without a collision, and refused to share some of the prejudice against Sitting Bull. He felt certain that either Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) or General Miles (Bearcoat) could secure the peaceable surrender of the old chief and statesman.

I can distinctly recall that hazy December of 1890. There was a mirage nearly every day. Once we saw a railroad train high in the air running upside down. It must have been at least fifty miles away. Looking west from the Big Place, the Wessington Hills seemed only five miles away, although we knew they were at least ninety miles distant, a good ways across the Jim River. (The maps call it the Dakota, or James River. Frémont, the Pathfinder, and Nicollet, the French geologist who explored it in 1838, found that the name was St. James River. It was named for Father St. Jacques, who was a missionary in the Indian country shortly after 1740; all attempts by zealots to change the name had been abortive.)

Late December in Dakota was sometimes pleasant and balmy and the atmospheric condition may have accounted for the mirage. I recall distinctly that fine December morning when a rider came from my father's grain elevator at St. Mary's with a message (in Dakota "message" invariably meant "telegram"). We supposed that the message pertained to wheat quotations in Minneapolis, but we knew at once from my father's expression when he read it, that there was some extraordinary news. . . . Sitting Bull had been killed before dawn by the Indian police sent to arrest him, reinforced by United States Cavalry who remained concealed. My father voiced his sorrow for the death of the chief, and his anger at what he called "the bungling" of the government authorities. He expressed his fear that more blood would flow, and it was not many days until the news came of the tragedy at the Wounded Knee.

An impartial observer today must concede that, if Sitting Bull had been a Czech or a Pole defending his country from the invader, he would have been hailed as a great patriot. Even in 1890, many voices were raised in protest against the treatment meted out to him. A prominent publicist condemned the government's policy in a phillipic, delivered at the time, intended as a funeral eulogy on the great Uncpapa chief. He pronounced him a far more eloquent orator than Choate or Depew, then the idols of New York, and told of the burning words in which the old Teton voiced his people's wrongs at the hands of the white man.

There seems little doubt now that starvation had a great part in the so-called Indian uprisings. It soon became known, too, that the Indian Bureau authorities, to prevent an outbreak (as they claimed), buried the old chief's body like the carcass of a dog—without dirge or rite—a thing most abhorrent to the soul of the religious Indian. For a long time the grave was unmarked but finally the Indian Agent caused it to be marked with a plain slab bearing the inscription, "Sitting Bull, Chief of the Uncpapa Nation." The monument fails to record Sitting Bull's great services to the Sioux Nations in the capacity of Prime Minister, much like the duties exercised by Lloyd George in the World War. But Sitting Bull's name is imperishable, and is always remembered when the Sioux, or Dakota, Nations are named.

Senator Voorhees's suggestion in the preparedness debate in Congress, in December, 1890—that it would be better to send 100,000 rations to the starving Sioux Indians—seems to have been the better solution. His quotation from General Miles, that Sitting Bull was "the greatest Indian who ever lived," will not be disputed by history students who impartially review the career of the great Indian statesman and orator.

## Credit Unions in America

Since 1900, when Alphonse Desjardins organized the first *caisse populaire* of Quebec, cooperative banks have flourished in North America.

By Arline Genereux

CREDIT UNIONS or *caisses populaires*, as they are known in Quebec, have become the backbone of economy in thousands of rural and industrial centers. In the United States, they number seven thousand five hundred, and are located all the way from Maine to Hawaii. In the Canadian Province of Quebec, where they originated in America, there are over five hundred of these cooperative banks.

Strangely enough, although the first of these, *La Caisse populaire de Lévis*, was founded forty years ago and less than ten years later credit unions were organized under state law in Massachusetts, it is only within a little more than a decade that they have taken on their ever increasing importance.

In June, 1934, the Federal Credit Union Act was approved at Washington, providing for "the

chartering of federal credit unions among persons having a common bond of occupation, or association, or to groups within a well-defined neighborhood, community, or rural district."

In a radio address delivered over a nationwide radio system, in July, 1937, Mr. Herbert Emmerich, Deputy Governor, Farm Credit Administration, Washington, D. C., made the following statement: "Through credit unions members loaned each other last year \$115,000,000 to help clear off worrisome debts, pay hospital bills, and meet other demands for ready money."

About the middle of the last century the first credit unions were organized among the farmers of Germany by Burgomaster Frederick Wilhelm Raiffeisen. From there this economic movement spread to most European countries and as far east as India. But its introduction to America, under a carefully planned system that has made it eminently successful on this continent is due to the efforts of an earnest French Canadian civil servant.

#### Desjardins

As official reporter at the House of Commons at Ottawa, Alphonse Desjardins, a native of Lévis, Quebec, witnessed the debates relative to usury which agitated the Canadian Parliament toward the close of the nineteenth century. For several years certain members had been endeavoring to remedy the plight of farmers and small wage earners, victims of usurers. Wholesale emigration was taking place to the prosperous New England states and was directly attributable to the unsound financial conditions prevalent among the masses. In spite of a federal law and various amendments thereto, usury continued in practice with disastrous results. What made its eradication more difficult was that its victims themselves helped its spread and usurers were not always professional money lenders. For instance, the village grocer granting credit often became an unpunishable extortionist.

In an effort to provide the farmer and the laborer with credit at a reasonable rate of interest, the foundation of a farmer's bank was proposed. In the course of discussions during the session of 1886, mention was made of the cooperative organizations existent in Holland and Central Europe, of the *Crédit Foncier* founded by Louis Napoléon and of the *Crédit Mobilier*. But the Canadian government did not see in the proposed bank a feasible project. Its sponsors were accused of being carried away by fanciful impractical ideas. Defending the proposal, Mr. Edmund Hackett, a member from Prince Edward Island, recalled a successful agricultural bank of which he had had personal experience. About twenty years previous, a Catholic priest in one of the parishes of the Island had organized "The Farmers Bank of Rustico." Its shareholders were all farmers and

it was managed by a farmer. Business had been carried on successfully in spite of opposition from other banks. After Confederation, new banking laws precluded its continued existence and it was at the moment in liquidation. Mr. Hackett ended his address with a plea for a system of rural credit which would rid the farmer of money lenders and, at the same time, make him a free agent in the administration of his own affairs.

Alphonse Desjardins's zeal was fired. From that time forward the dominating interest in his life was the establishment, within his own Province, of a successful cooperative banking system. However, he did not rush into any utopian scheme. Rather was he content to labor painstakingly at the task he had set himself. Long years of study preceded the actual materialization of his idea. He had at his disposal a field of research within the Dominion Parliament Library. He studied every treatise he could find relative to cooperatives and the economic problems of the working classes. He entered into correspondence with the leading European economists: Henry Wolff in England, Luigi Luzzati in Rome, Charles Gides in Paris, *L'Action Populaire de Rheims*, the Raiffeisen credit unions in Germany, Lord Grey, Governor General of Canada and President of the International Cooperative Alliance.

Sifting from the accumulated evidence the elements that could best serve the needs of his compatriots, Mr. Desjardins finally drew up a plan. Of this, the Italian Minister of Finance, Luigi Luzzati, was to write after Mr. Desjardins had submitted it to him, "Your plan is more complete than the one in operation in Italy." And, a few years later, when a group of American economists consulted Henry Wolff concerning cooperative loans, the English economist advised them to look nearer home where, he told them, they would find "a well-informed man who has already inaugurated a credit system preferable to those in use here."

It was in December, 1900, that Mr. Desjardins founded the first *caisse populaire* in his native city of Lévis. At that time he told his wife, "If this cooperative bank is a success, it will prove the basis of a whole system of economic institutions, which will help the working and rural classes throughout the country, classes which have been neglected and even ruined by lucre and usury, classes which I pity with all my heart and to which I want to do good for the rest of my days." Throughout his life Alphonse Desjardins never deviated from this attitude. He remained to the end the modest Christian worker and the only signal honor he received came to him from the Church, when she bestowed on him the title of Commander of the Order of Saint Gregory the Great.

The first receipts entered in the books of *La Caisse populaire de Lévis* in January, 1901,

amounted to twenty-eight dollars. Twelve years later the assets of the same bank amounted to \$188,306, loans totaling \$179,108 had been made and the gross profits amounted to \$8,593. In the meantime, a number of other *caisses* had been founded. In 1906 the Provincial Legislature passed the Quebec Syndicates Act (now known as the Cooperative Syndicates Act) under which law the *caisses populaires* transact business.

### The rules

The rules laid down by Desjardins for the cooperative banks are of the simplest. The banks or *caisses* are both savings and credit institutions, since loans are made to shareholders, who have the right to make deposits as well. Each share, usually fixed at five dollars, may be paid in installments. Both shares and deposits may be withdrawn on demand. The liability of the shareholder is limited to the amount he has subscribed. Membership is restricted to persons living within the area of the bank's operations or to a group of persons having a common occupation or association. Loans are made at a low rate of interest and only for provident or productive purposes. They are repayable, capital and interest, at regular intervals over a determined period. When a shareholder has paid for one share, he is eligible to receive his proportional share of the annual dividends that may be declared by the shareholders or members.

The affairs of the bank are managed by a board of directors, a credit committee and a supervisory committee. Each member has only one vote regardless of the number of shares he owns. The number of shares open to purchase by one member is limited, so that no single member may exert undue influence. The only official who may receive remuneration for his services is the manager or treasurer.

By 1909, Mr. Desjardins' *caisses populaires* had been introduced into New England, where they were known as credit unions, and their founder was called upon to assist in drawing up the law under which they were to be governed in the state of Massachusetts. A few years later, at the invitation of the Russell Sage Foundation, Mr. Desjardins gave a series of lectures in New York and subsequently that state adopted a law similar to the credit union law of Massachusetts.

In the first twenty years of their existence in the United States, the number of credit unions increased slowly, but since the depression of 1929 they have grown with much more rapidity. They are now to be found in every state in the Union and as far afield as Hawaii. They have proved unusually successful and very few failures have been reported. What they represent in practical and moral assistance to the small wage earner and the farmer it would be impossible to estimate.

Writing of his work in 1919, the year previous to his death, Mr. Desjardins said, "The object of the *caisse populaire* is to complete the unity of the parish. Up to now the parish has lacked unity because there was no provision made for the economic needs of the group of individuals comprised within its limits. This lack the *caisse* is called upon to fill by establishing a reserve of savings and credit at the disposal of all honest people within the parish, by promoting a spirit of thrift and by creating—by means of the savings thus accumulated—a source of credit for members of the *caisse*."

These words are equally applicable to groups of people working in the same shop, office, store or profession or to members of a church or fraternal association.

To give others the means of helping themselves was Alphonse Desjardins's life work and he carried it out with the zeal of an apostle. There seems no doubt he has been successful beyond even his own hopes.

## Communications

### PAPAL PEACE PROGRAM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: The article, "The Papal Peace Program," by Bishop Robert E. Lucey, appearing in your issue of September 6, is a vigorous and worthwhile contribution to thinking on the subject of international relations. It applies the principles of the Papal Peace Program to our actions under present day conditions; it shows the sterility of isolationism under present world conditions even where such isolationism has its roots in America.

We know the noisiest of today's isolationists use this doctrine as a cover to advance the special interests of other nations which are anything but isolationists. The old-time isolationist is honest even if short-sighted; the other is the opposite of this.

If, as Bishop Lucey so well points out in his article, people of the United States, particularly Catholics, understand the Papal Peace Program, they will find in it a program of action now and finally a basis of a real and enduring peace.

I congratulate THE COMMONWEAL for its publication of this article.

JOHN BROPHY.

### THE AMERICAN WAY

Portland, Ore.

TO the Editors: There is a lot of glowing rhetoric about preserving the American Way through national defense! If by the American Way we mean the way of freedom, release and fulfillment, then those sources making the loudest acclaim in behalf of this way are doing just the opposite. The dominant influences are heading us towards autocracy with terrific speed. Democracy is being reduced to a mere name. The French Revolution



was ended by Napoleon with a "whiff of grapeshot"; the Reformation, according to Erasmus, was ended by Luther in a marriage feast; and we might continue by adding that the democratic system is being ended by screeds of war hysteria.

There is an ever increasing pressure to stop free discussion, to put an end to Congress, to repress criticism, and to create a one man government. The government of the people, by the people, and for the people is perishing. Nothing in the annals of our history remotely compares to this ignominious threat against democracy.

This fact is evidenced in a recent acceptance speech by Mr. Wallace when, in effect, he said that anybody refusing to support the present administration is virtually pro-nazi. In short, anybody exercising the democratic right of political choice is nazi. That is indicting the American Way as un-American. Of course, this is a trick to force the voter to keep the administration in power. You dare not dissent without the suspicion of nazism. Regimentation. But who is pro-nazi? They who apply the democratic method of free choice or they who refuse it? If there is any fundamental difference between the nazi and the American Way, it is this right to act, think, or vote in accordance to conscience. That is denied in nazi Germany.

Finally, there is a lot of vicious nonsense being perpetrated that Hitlerism must be stopped with Hitleristic methods. Mr. Wallace passed the claim that the present administration was the best cure for nazism. Let's see. How do you cure nazism by imitating it? Peacetime conscription, secret alliances, regimentation of industry, hysterical militarism, eagle-spread nationalism, etc., are every last one characteristic of nazism; not democracy. The road we now are on leads away from democracy to dictatorship. Moreover, it leads to misery, grief, catastrophe, and ruin. The way to security, safety, liberty, life, and the pursuit of happiness is the reverse of war, namely that of peace, friendship, cooperation, good will, etc. It is up to the people to exercise these virtues to save themselves from the destructive consequences of the dark passions and mob hysteria now tending to engulf and inundate the country.

PAUL BRINKMAN, JR.

## NO AMERICANS

Berkeley, Cal.

TO the Editors: I wonder if the American people know that England is fighting our battles for us. Our dear old Mother England is such a generous altruistic old soul that she never fights for herself, but only for them nations which is in mortal peril from some sauce, such as the good old U.S.A. which is in mortal peril from applesauce.

Everybody knows that the U.S.A. is Mother England's darlingest daughter which she loves with the last breath in her dear old body, therefore she is now fighting for us nips and tucks. She dont care nothing for herself. Her only idee is, "are them Americans safe? We must get up extrly early tomorrow morning and fight to make them

dear Americans safe and sound." Yes, indeedy, England is our last line of offence.

Since there aint no Americans no more except the Pro-Russians, Pro-Germans, Pro-English, Pro-Italians, and Pro-Jews and such spicimins of humanity, and since the Pro-English Pros is in the majority, I sudget that as soon as Mother England conkers Germany, okupies Berlin, and hangs the Rev. Mr. Hitler, that then her loving daughter American should become part and passel of the hugeous worldwide British Umpire. In England we pattriotic Pro-English American Pros puts our trust. She keeps us out of them bumb and cyclone cellars, and them badger and gopher holes.

GEORGE HOWARD.

## ARCHBISHOP SPALDING

Los Angeles, Cal.

TO the Editors: I am sure you have won the admiration of the hierarchy and the clergy of the U.S.A. for the tribute you recently paid the great American prelate, Archbishop Spalding. You said it was a belated recognition, that's true, but better late than never.

In 1913 I was present at his golden jubilee, and poet as he was, he told me that Dr. O'Donnel's tribute was one he liked best. At that time Father O'Donnel was president of Notre Dame. In case you would like to print it, I am enclosing same. (And we reprint the last stanza):

Poet, thy chasuble became thee well,  
Thy singing robes were cloths of pride  
Who hadst thy vesture from God's side,  
And thou didst weave a strain  
Where earth and heaven twain, Grew one,  
Till mighty low, in its full power,  
Thy song was sudden done, God made thee mute.  
As one might hush a lute,  
Then art thou silent so? Ah, no,  
This pregnant hour,  
No land but owns the valor of thy voice,  
While all who hear it wonder and rejoice  
Thy silence best of all, Is musical  
God in the interval O poet of high grace  
Has left His music in thy face, As in a frozen water-fall  
In thy meek amity and gentle childlikeness  
Are tones the tempest never woke,  
But which are spoke, at dusk in the silver hush of Heaven

REV. D. MILLER.

## CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: At the New York *Catholic Worker*, we are registering all those who wish to leave their names with us as conscientious objectors. In this connection we should like to hear from some Catholic lawyers who would be willing to give time to advising these objectors as to correct legal procedure and limits of rights.

Many of the non-Catholic groups have set up registration boards and have lawyers giving advice along these lines, and we are very anxious to find some lawyers who will do likewise.

*Peace Groups of the Catholic Worker,*  
Per ARTHUR SHEEHAN.

## The Stage & Screen

### Kind Lady

THE THEATRICAL season of 1940-41 has been opened, not with a new play but with a revival—Edward Chodorov's "Kind Lady." When "Kind Lady" was first presented five years ago it was recognized as an exceedingly skilful horror play, admirably acted. It remains this in its revival. It is not dated in the least, because its real interest is psychological and because its character-drawing is fresh and unusual. But this doesn't mean that it hasn't also plot interest. Its story of the kidnapping of an old lady in her own house by a band of heartless criminals is well constructed and tense. Mr. Chodorov has taken the material of the original story by Hugh Walpole and tailored it expertly for the stage. But "Kind Lady" isn't the sort of horror play which can succeed without skilful acting, and it is to Mr. Brady's credit that he has chosen a cast fully the equal of the original one. Grace George of course plays the lead. Who but Miss George could play it and get from it all its charm, its pathos and its terror? Mary Herries is one of the great triumphs of her long career. The chief crook in the revival is played by Stiano Braggiotti. Mr. Braggiotti, distinguished in appearance and manner, gives a more sinister enactment than did Henry Daniels, but to me this proved a gain. Marie Paxton and Elfreda Derwent were in their original rôles, with Oscar Stirling substituting more or less successfully for Thomas Chalmers. Of the other newcomers special words of commendation should be given to Joan Wetmore, Melchor Ferrer, Clarence Derwent, and John Robb. In short the season has opened most auspiciously. (*At the Playhouse.*)

### Jane Cowl in "Madame X"

MISS JANE COWL'S performance of Madame X has not yet been seen in New York, but it has been one of the sensations in the summer theatres. I myself saw it in Newport. "Madame X" is of course old-fashioned, having been written for the Indian summer of Sarah Bernhardt. Exaggerated in its psychology and outmoded in its social ideas, it yet gives an actress an opportunity such as more modern plays rarely afford. The story of an erring wife who becomes a courtesan, murders a man to protect her son from discovering his mother's shame, is defended in court by that son, is acquitted and dies in her son's arms allows an actress to play on the full keyboard of the emotions. Miss Cowl does this superbly, playing it naturally yet with extraordinary depth and poignancy of emotion. In fact she makes us really believe in the character, and this in such a part is a triumph in itself—at least for a modern audience. In her tonal variety, in the expressiveness of her gestures, in her opening regal beauty becoming as the play goes on the haggard features of a drug addict, in her pathos and her passion, Jane Cowl reaches heights in this foolish old play such as she has never reached before. Great acting has gone be-

cause great acting parts have gone. But Miss Cowl proves to us that great actresses are still with us when they are given great parts to act. Miss Cowl was splendidly seconded by Leo Chalzel in the part of her lover. Other excellent performances were given by Stiano Braggiotti, Perry Wilson and Owen Lamont. (*At the Casino Theatre, Newport, R. I.*)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

### History Marches Through Hollywood

WHEN producers put their minds to it, they can make pictures that show historical events as if they were something important happening in the lives of people and not just background for another boy-meets-girl romance. Two new films, about United States in the making, are outstanding. "The Howards of Virginia," based on Elizabeth Page's "The Tree of Liberty," defies anyone not to believe in the struggles of the colonists before and during the Revolution. Frank Lloyd's excellent reproduction of a period much neglected in films should convince us that the Virginia House of Burgesses, the Resolution Against the Stamp Act, the Boston Tea Party, the suffering of that ill-clad, ill-fed Continental Army are more than a series of names and dates in a textbook. Scenes actually filmed at Williamsburg lend authenticity to a story that is made noteworthy in a historical film through the simplicity of Sidney Buchman's screenplay. Boisterous Cary Grant, surveyor, friend of young Tom Jefferson (Richard Carlson), takes his "fine-lady" bride (Martha Scott) to the rough backwoods of the Shenandoah Valley where she strives to preserve the order and dignity of her Virginia forebears. Estrangement separates the couple when Cary treats his eldest son with disdain, because the lame child resembles his Tory uncle, and when Martha refuses to leave Virginia with her husband during the war. Although the story's sincerity holds one's interest, the film bogs down in its characterizations, particularly in inconsistencies that are due more to direction and script than to the actors. Grant is built up as a rough, loud, considerate, likable man who couldn't possibly be so cruel to his son; and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as his Tory brother-in-law, is left to flounder with a rôle that never becomes entirely clear. The picture also has a curious change of pace; after a slow beginning, it suddenly races to its conclusion. But in spite of these flaws never once does Mr. Lloyd's film falter in its integrity to show the earnest fight for freedom that took place in this cradle of liberty.

But what happens to those ideals of justice and liberty some seventy years later? Where were the law-makers, the declarations of tolerance when the Mormons were driven from New York, Ohio, Illinois? One asks these questions during the opening scenes of "Brigham Young," which starts with a cruel raid and a series of persecutions of this sect who asked for freedom to worship as they pleased. Darryl Zanuck's film builds a strong case for the Mormons, soft-pedals the polygamy question and gains your sympathy for this band of pilgrims who withstood unbelievable hardships, hunger, death and survived after their long hegira because they had faith in their God and leader. Although Tyrone Power is the star, he does not,

by some sudden stroke of genius, play the title rôle. The film derives its strength and great appeal from Dean Jagger's magnificent performance as the man who guides the Latter Day Saints and from Henry Hathaway's sweeping direction of Lamar Trotti's screenplay based on Louis Bromfield's story. With broad epic strokes and with honest regard for persecuted men (regardless of their unreasonable beliefs), Hathaway retells the well-known tale from the lynching of Joseph Smith, through the mass migration to the West, to the settling at Salt Lake and ends, in a high pitch of beauty and excitement, with the descent of the gulls that saved the crops from the plague of crickets. While Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell carry on a minor love affair (in a manner that is convincing because the rôles are within their capacity), Dean Jagger, Mary Astor (as one of his wives), Vincent Price (as Joseph Smith) and hundreds of extras succeed in making you feel that the Mormons were real people who saw their destiny and fulfilled it against all odds.

Modern history does not always fare so well in films. On the stage, "*No Time for Comedy*" was considered pretty thin stuff with a glimmering of recognition for the serious problems of today's up-side-down world. But compared with the movie version, this stage play seems like a masterpiece. Now it's all fluff. Julius and Philip Epstein in preparing the script tacked the S. N. Behrman play onto their own long prologue which was obviously written to suit the peculiar talents of James Stewart. As the Minnesota-hick playwright who writes about local folk and then changes them to dukes, duchesses and Park Avenue habitués, Jimmie is as cute as the deuce. In New York, he is overcome by the big city, his own success and his marriage to his talented leading lady. Rosalind Russell, displaying again her deft sense of comedy in the Katharine Cornell rôle, is the one convincing note in an incredulous picture. Director William Keighley, showing preference and cinematic understanding for the Epsteins' part of the script, which is packed with laughs, gives their scenes a quick, racing speed, while the meat of the Behrman play drags until its subtleties almost become a bore. Next time, let's have straight Behrman—or straight Epstein.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

## Books of the Week

### Saints

*Two Lives of Saint Cuthbert.* Bertram Colgrave. Cambridge-Macmillan. \$5.50.

*Blessed Rose Philippine Duchesne.* L. Keppel. Longmans. \$1.25.

*Saint Gemma Galgani.* Rt. Rev. Leo Proserpio, S.J. Bruce. \$2.00.

THE WORK of Bertram Colgrave comprises "the texts of a Life by an anonymous monk of Lindisfarne, and of Bede's Prose Life, with parallel translations and notes." It is a scholarly work with all the necessary apparatus of scholarship, and the direction of the work is principally historic. The introduction and notes are not written with medieval, or even orthodox Faith, perhaps, but the viewpoint appears more genuinely scientific than

simply skeptical, and the author's liking for Saint Cuthbert and the chroniclers is thoroughly genuine.

The lives themselves are altogether charming and invigorating. They have an almost Arcadian quality of freshness, together with the tranquil and objective religious spirit which, in Cuthbert's seventh century, was redeeming the hard times and establishing Christianity as the foundation of western and northern European civilization. These lives of Saint Cuthbert were clearly and directly written to glorify God, showing grace working through a good and humble man. Their principal apologetic accomplishment lies in showing the pure vitality and joy of the Faith. The didactic effect they are surely meant to have is altogether indirect both regarding human ethics and theological truth. There is no psychological worry at all, and no fretting about the meaning of meaning. Here is a saint placed with great literary felicity (in the case of the anonymous author hardly less so than in the case of the artistically more sophisticated Bede) in a setting most remote from ours, but still altogether living and clear; and God dwells in him. The wonderful objectivity of the Faith and of a religious man is probably the lesson most naturally and effectively taught a modern by these healthy pages, and it is most directly demonstrated in the stories of Saint Cuthbert's ascetical practices. His asceticism derived, the editor tells us, more from the Celtic tradition than from the Roman which during his life was supplanting it in England. Nothing could be more simple and attractive than the episodes which make up the narratives, and it would be most difficult to demonstrate more effectively the manner in which the Church brought the Faith and brought Christian culture to the lands of the barbarians, and how she won men.

Mother Keppel's life of the recently crowned Mother Duchesne of the Sacred Heart (beatified May 12, 1940) has special interest for Americans, because the climax of Mother Duchesne's career was her missionary work in America's Middle West. This is a short book of only 118 pages, and it leaves much one would like to know unsaid. Perhaps it is simply provincial to wish there were more of Mother Duchesne's life as a missionary and teacher, but it was in this, after all, that she most clearly exhibited heroism. The book admirably places the saint's early life and the founding of the Sacred Heart Society against the background of the times—the France of the Revolution and of the attacks on the Church. But there is too much taken for granted in the biography of the person herself. The reader may not acquire sufficient realization of the charitable and mystical life lived by Mother Duchesne and the others to make them intelligible, or even thoroughly attractive. The history given of the founding of the Society of the Sacred Heart demonstrates this particularly, where we see more the actions of men and less of God than can explain its flowering. But Rose Philippine Duchesne appears in the book a woman indeed, and that is the principal purpose of the book, which it satisfactorily fulfills.

Saint Gemma Galgani (1878-1903; canonized 1940) is the most difficult of these three saints for a contemporary to appreciate, in spite of the fact that she is the most modern. As the preface says, her life is a direct challenge to the hard boiled materialism which distorts the modern vision. Her obscure and "poor" life was a most profound Christian mystery and an appreciation of it requires a



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very positive act of the will and intelligence. It is somewhat doubtful if Bishop Proserpio's book gives the ordinary reader the encouragement for that act which the ordinary reader needs. It is more didactic and pious than usual contemporary taste.

Less than fifty years ago, in an environment so close to our own, Saint Gemma was a mystic, a miracle worker, a stigmatic, an ecstatic—exactly the kind of person it is hardest for a faithless generation to understand. Psychological analysis is almost useless in attempting to understand such a one. A moral inquiry into her virtues, necessary in determining her integrity and place within the Church, cannot explain her gifts nor furnish a very useful basis for a lesson on conduct. Unless it was the Holy Ghost living in her, she was only the most confusing possible type of eccentric—and the Spirit of God certainly did live in her. The statement of her asceticism, of her desire to suffer with Christ, is incomprehensible or perverse except as her relationship to God is successfully indicated. Her humility appears servility unless the fact that her life in Grace possessed the freedom which God gives is comprehended. It was, of course, this same difficulty of seeing her life in the world without being able to see directly her life in Christ, which caused her to be distrusted and badgered and really persecuted by her neighbors and ecclesiastical authorities during her life in Italy. Now, there is no danger of persecuting Gemma, but there is the danger to us of turning away, misjudging and failing in appreciation for her. The Foreword observes that "Gemma's life emphasizes a particular aspect of our faith and religion [the Passion]." But the difficulty of such an assumption is that it tends to make the saint's life appear too narrow—cut off from aspects that give it comprehensibility and attraction. Saint Gemma Galgani is the most intense possible type of saint, but her life was not narrow in range, since it comprehended the fullest Grace of God.

P. B.

#### CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

*The Bottlenecks of Business.* Thurman W. Arnold. Reynal. \$2.50.

ON THIS the fiftieth anniversary of the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the enforcement of it has produced an excellent, all-embracing treatment of its nature and career. "The Bottlenecks of Business" constitutes a brief survey of the past, a forceful and impressive account of the last two years since the present incumbent took command, and an eloquent appeal to consumers to support the work activity, lest free commercial enterprise and free trade between the states give way to economic despotism, to be followed inevitably by political dictatorship. Even the Supreme Court has seemed to join in the celebration by answering favorably this past year five unsettled questions that were paralyzing public enforcement of the act.

Mr. Arnold condemns the use of the so-called "consent" decree and states that it has been nothing more or less than a process by which a criminal offense is condoned. Today the use of the consent decree is definitely repudiated by the department and notice has been given that where the act is violated criminal prosecution will follow, though a few exceptions to this general rule are indicated. How then if, as the author mentions, the formula of the Sherman Act is a good deal like the formula of due process, than which there is none more difficult to comprehend fully, can a well-intentioned business man or corporation

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avoid entanglement with the law and possible criminal prosecution? The answer is given somewhat as follows. All cards should be laid on the table in asking the anti-trust division for an opinion as to the legality of present or proposed procedures. If a person follows the advice rendered, he will be subject only to civil process in the future, on the grounds that he has been acting in good faith. In general the department applies the following test: does it increase the efficiency of production or distribution and pass the savings on to consumers.

As to why the act has failed in the past, the author indicates it was because enforcement was principally in private hands and for private purposes, largely triple damages and forcing larger competitors to buy out the smaller. Public enforcement could never operate successfully until the last two years because of an inadequate staff. In the so-called trust-busting era there were five lawyers and in 1933 only fifteen lawyers to police the industrial activity of 130,000,000 people. Although appropriations for the division have more than quadrupled in the last few years, more money is being turned into the Treasury than that taken out. In the first six months of the present year, \$700,000 was spent and \$2,400,000 collected in fines.

One cannot but agree with the author that thorough, continuous and wide-spread enforcement is of the most vital importance if the nation is to continue as a democracy and attain higher purchasing power for the vast mass that constitutes the consumer group. The author deserves unreserved support in the work he is doing and the book deserves the close attention of every thinking adult in the nation.

MAURICE I. HART.

*The Folly of Bigotry.* William Francis Clarke. Non-Sectarian League for Americanism. \$1.00.

THE FAULT of this book is that it was not written as a book. The author, Dean of the College of Law of De Paul University, virtually admits this in his preface to "The Folly of Bigotry." The articles were "originally presented in the form of addresses" and "it was thought best to make no substantial change in the original manuscript." This was ill advised. In one instance the reader paddles along with the same intellectual exercise as the reader of a pulp magazine, only to be plunged the next moment into a Maritainesque discussion of vital problems.

As an analyst of present evils and their causes Dean Clarke displays masterly skill in some of the articles. Practicing an admirable economy of words he lifts the main problems clean and whole from surrounding encumbrances, deftly inspects them before our eyes, and then as a skilled diagnostician gives the cause and its cure.

He is deeply convinced of the truth of his position that strength is exhibited by a strong charity to others. The most engaging chapters are those on "Dictators" and "America's Radio Priest." The latter is one of the few extant discussions on Father Coughlin that is filled with justice and tempered by charity. "The thing of importance regarding Father Coughlin," says Dean Clarke, "is that a reliable public opinion be arrived at whether it be favorable or not. And the state of public opinion about the radio priest is a state of unrest . . . the whole controversy which has grown out of the Father Coughlin anti-Communist broadcasts has taken on the appearance of a feud." In comparing the attitudes of the Pope and of Father Coughlin towards the Jews the Dean concludes that the good judgment and moderation of the former was missing in the latter.

The skill with which the Dean handles particular instances is not lost in dealing with fundamentals. His views on freedom of speech, youth, education and government probe deep and clean. The concluding chapter should be read, not reviewed. He sees tolerance as "a positive, not a negative, thing," and calls for "a return to right thinking, which recommends right action and suggests control over our desires."

It is regrettable that the possibilities of making this a really strong book were ignored. As it stands "The Folly of Bigotry" is a provocative book and those interested in promoting better understanding among races and creeds would profit by reading it.

REGINALD T. KENNEDY.

*The Fifth Column Is Here.* George Britt. Wilfred Funk. \$1.00.

SO TIMELY is the material of this exposé of the Fifth Column covertly at work in the United States, that a good part of it is now making its way into the daily press. This paper bound booklet is another warning, before it is too late, to those of us who wish to maintain our American way of life; and it is to be hoped that this will not turn out to be another Wolf! Wolf! It is unfortunate that the term Fifth Column has been so abused that by now it may mean anyone who doesn't agree with the position of the one using this many-sided cudgel. But call it by any other name, there are many at work in the conspiracy to wreck American democracy by taking advantage of the freedom it provides. Names and incidents are piled up profusely, but the reader will be left a bit bewildered because the author does not present the adequate reasons for this plot, or show how it can be effectively counteracted. Another serious omission, in the face of the growing Fifth Column hysteria, is the author's neglect to bring out in a positive way the contributions by the anti-nazi and anti-fascist German and Italian Americans and others.

EMMANUEL CHAPMAN.

*This Is Wendell Willkie.* Wendell Willkie. Dodd. \$1.50.

COREY FORD (John Riddell) once said in reference to Will Rogers, something to the effect that passing remarks by drugstore cowboys may sound good at the time, but they look awfully sad when encountered in cold print. After reading this book it is hard to think of any other explanation of the Republican candidate's reputation as a speaker; it must be his presence, the way he says things. This highly superficial collection bears out the growing impression that the man has very little to say, aside from spotting major New Deal weaknesses. He seldom gets down to bedrock of actuality. He constantly refers to himself as a "true liberal." By this he seems to mean that he believes in regulation of business in a characteristically vague, unspecified way. There is one jewel of a phrase in a Willkie address of two years ago at the University of Indiana, where he voiced his belief in a "free, if supervised, economy." There is not too much point in tags such as "liberal" as the term is popularly used, but it is important whether such a man realize that restored confidence and government benignity are no longer able to bring together our idle money and idle men. He hardly goes beyond voicing the belief that it should be done. How would you do it, Mr. Willkie? Hardly assuring reading for those who are deeply concerned over Mr. Roosevelt's present foreign policy.

E. S. S.

## MEMOIRS

*Schoolmaster of Yesterday. Millard Fillmore Kennedy and Alvin F. Harlow. Whittlesey. \$2.75.*

QUITE unwittingly "The Story of San Michele" started it all several years ago. And the book, "Life with Father," gave it a healthy boost. The long, winding series of reminiscences, for the most part escapist reading, stretches right down to our troubled time. In its present phase, the country, particularly rural America of the nineteenth century, supplies the biographical and autobiographical subjects. Doctors, of course, have provided the richest mines for exploitation. But there are recent nostalgic books about country lawyers and editors, horse-doctors and preachers—far too many, I should say. They are now very much in fashion. A compound of rural America and the nineteenth century is not interesting, *per se*. It may be very dull. I am happy to say that this is not the case with the latest addition to the crop of earlier American reminiscences.

"Schoolmaster of Yesterday" is, in fact, an exceedingly competent job. It has pace, sustained interest and a flavor that is impressively genuine. It is almost an unbroken succession of good anecdotes—stories notable for humor, surprise, simplicity, warmth. Boys, girls, teachers, parents come to life with no uncertainty. If the Kennedys' various schools in Indiana were at all typical, education in little red schoolhouses couldn't have been so bad. And it seems undeniable that Millard Fillmore Kennedy had constantly in mind the excellence of the methods of that happier time and the defects of our own as he unfolded his story of three generations. He cannot resist the impulse to say at the conclusion of a book that is anything but explicitly didactic, "If pedagogy could rid itself of the fads and isms which curse it, if some way could be devised in a centralized system of breaking up mass production and working more in individual human equations, if present-day education would put a little more emphasis on morals, and thereby lean a little further back toward one of its earlier great objectives, that of building character, it might go far and rapidly toward creating a better world."

The virtues of the 1800's as presented in these pages were strong and varied. Outstanding is the sense of fun, an attitude which at times found expression in rough practical jokes. One of the best embodiments of this was the custom of the Christmas treat, a forerunner of the grimmer strike or lockout. On a secretly appointed day the pupils would barricade themselves in the school house and refuse to let the teacher in until he—for teachers were mostly men in those days—agreed to treat the whole school to Christmas sweets. The strategies resorted to and the zest with which teacher and pupils, some older than himself, entered into this game year after year, gives a clue to the discipline and teacher-youngster relationships of those pioneer days. Few teachers made their way without joining wholeheartedly with their boys and girls at play—picnics, coon hunts, Bull Pen, Duck on the Rock, Fox and Hounds and the like. As Mr. Kennedy says, about the problem of teaching boys, "the teacher who remained a boy at heart could come nearest to guiding them, drawing out the best that was in them." No doubt the years have added a roseate tinge to the reminiscences of those earlier days, but the sense of fair play, the neighborliness, the high moral tone and the zest for fun and adventure that characterized them are brought home again and again in this intensely human book. EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

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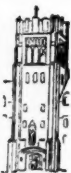


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### MISCELLANEOUS

*The South American Handbook: 1940. Trade and Travel Publications, Ltd. H. W. Wilson Co. and Thos. Cook. \$1.00.*

**T**HIS is the seventeenth annual edition of this "complete guide to South and Central America," and has been produced right during the war. No nonsense, but full of information—geographic, economic, scenic, etc.—in the Baedeker or Muirhead manner, except that it adds information for business men. A real introduction to the region. P. B.

## In The Groove

**B**Y NOW it is probably no news to music lovers that record prices are down, and that with a few exceptions the finest achievements of disc making may be bought for no more than \$1 per record. Columbia began it, Victor saw the wisdom of following suit, and that was the end of a price structure which had stood for two decades. To tabulate prices: "red seals," "masterworks," and whatever else Victor, Columbia, Decca and Royale call their serious offerings, are \$1 for twelve-inch, 75c for ten-inch discs. Victor re-pressings of symphonic works (some of them imported, and released domestically for the first time) are 75c and 50c. Albums cost 50c extra. Victor and Columbia popular records are 50c, while their cheaper labels, Bluebird and Okeh, compete with Decca's popular list at 35c, as does Royale's sister-label, Varsity. How long the lower prices on symphonic music will last, no one can tell. Columbia's specific hope is to triple its sales. On records where the price-cut counts most—large albums of operas, liturgical music, the longer symphonies—it would be well to take no chances.

Columbia made the most of its coup by issuing a much more flashy list than the late-summer business would ordinarily warrant. It has lately been raiding the Victor line-up, and in some cases bringing out Victor talent that has been inactive. So we have the excellent orchestras of New York, Chicago, Cleveland and Minneapolis on the Columbia label, with Pittsburgh to come; and the superb Budapest String Quartet; and the new All-American Youth Orchestra assembled during the summer by Leopold Stokowski. In Columbia's recording of the Dvorak "New World" Symphony (six records), Stokowski's youngsters prove themselves one of the top-rank groups in the country, tonally brilliant, and responsive to their conductor's accustomed bravura dynamics. Brilliant, too, is the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto in D Major, as played by Nathan Milstein and the Chicago Symphony under Frederick Stock (four records); it may be noted that part of its brilliance derives from Milstein tuning his fiddle as high as fair-trade practice permits.

Both Columbia and Victor have new versions of the Brahms *Second Symphony*, which has long needed a new recording. For Victor, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra plays Brahms's lush melodies quite broadly, indeed sometimes stodgily, taking six records where John Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony need only five. However, in quality the albums are well enough matched so that personal preferences, rather than a dollar's difference in price, should be the deciding factor.

A *Program of Mexican Music*, given during the Mexican exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art in New York last spring, has been recorded (four Columbia discs) by

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its originator at that time, Carlos Chavez, with a New York orchestra and chorus. The music surveyed ranges from a reconstruction of Aztec music (on the basis of surviving Aztec instruments; no written notes exist) to an excerpt from one of Chavez's modern-primitive ballets; it's full of colorful flutes and brasses and clattering percussion, all thoroughly listenable.

Soprano Lotte Lehmann is at the top of her form (she has not always been, on discs) in Victor's four-record album of eleven songs from Schubert's cycle, *Die Winterreise* (The Winter Journey). It may be argued that these songs, whose lyrics are the romantic effusions of a jilted lover, should be done by a man; but Mme. Lehmann's pure artistry will convince most listeners. It is to be hoped that she will record the remaining thirteen songs.

Wanda Landowska, prime exponent of the delicate, miniature glories of the harpsichord, plays Haydn's *Concerto in D Major*, his last and finest, with an orchestra conducted by Eugene Bigot (three Victor discs); a definitive edition of a work usually played (and heretofore recorded) on the piano. The complete recording of Chopin's 51 mazurkas, those many-faceted Polish dances, is now achieved with Volume III, performed by Artur Schnabel with the same poetic feeling of the first two volumes (four Victor discs). Best single record of the month: Marian Anderson in Dido's moving lament, *When I Am Laid in Earth*, from Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*.

The ubiquitous juke-boxes (coin phonographs) seems to be increasing in influence, and comedy recordings have popped in abundance in the month's popular lists. Among these are Erskine Butterfield's rendition of *Your Feet's Too Big* (Decca), not only funny, but played with the lift of oldtime jazz; John Ryan's *MacNamara's Band* (Varsity), a rollicking throw-back to early vaudeville; Glen Gray's *Big Bad Bill* (Decca), with Pee Wee Hunt exuding charm and humor in the vocalizing, and excellent backing from the band; Louis Armstrong's rendition of *Hep Cats' Ball* (Decca); and Wingy Manone, one of the few real jazz-men left, playing the *Mosquito Song* (Bluebird) in a fine spirit of fun.

Duke Ellington reveals more enthusiasm than usual in his *At a Dixie Roadside Diner* (Victor), but in *Blue Goose and Dusk* he is his sombre, powerful-sounding self. John Kirby's swing version of the *Sextet from Lucia* (Okeh) provides some good solo work. *Flash*, Harry James's best recording in months (Columbia), opens with a boogie-woogie piano passage, then turns it over to the boys. Good rhythm: Al Donahue's *Route 23* (Okeh). A natural foot-tapper is *Fifteen Minute Intermission*, in which Cab Calloway's drummer beats it out with skill (Okeh). A popular tune, of the imitation-polka type which the jukes seem to attract, is *Ferryboat Serenade*, to which Dick Robertson gives the most expert treatment (Decca). There are the usual renovated oldtimers on the lists, among the best being Bob Crosby's *Ja-Da* (Decca), Benny Goodman's *Always* (Bluebird), Count Basie's *Somebody Stole My Gal* (Columbia), Tiny Hill's *Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue* (Okeh), Bob Crosby's *All By Myself* (Decca). For the older generation, and for those who don't mind "corny" orchestral accompaniments, there should be some nostalgia in Columbia's album of four records by the late singing-comedian Bert Williams, repressed from the foggy-sounding master discs of around 1920.

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*The Inner Forum*

THE TWELFTH annual convention of the National Catholic Interracial Federation was held in Detroit over the Labor Day weekend. Several hundred white and Negro Catholics assisted at the solemn pontifical Mass, celebrated by Archbishop Mooney in the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament to open the convention. At a luncheon meeting at the Sacred Heart Academy, Auxiliary Bishop Woznicki read messages from Cardinal Maglione, Papal Secretary of State, and from Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, one of the founders of the federation.

Afternoon and evening meetings one day were devoted to the "Negro in Industry" under the auspices of the NCWC Social Action Department. A representative of the Ford Motor Company urged Negroes to learn trades; an AFL official submitted a paper to the effect that 100 of the 105 unions affiliated with the ALF admitted Negroes to membership, pointing out that discrimination weakens the white worker's bargaining power. Reverend Thomas Meehan of the Chicago *New World* declared that jim-crowism is confined largely to English-speaking countries, that it was not characteristic of France or Spain, for example. He cited the insistence of popes and bishops on a living wage—sufficient for a man and his family to live in reasonable decency and comfort. Reverend William C. Grau of Lackawanna, N. Y., lamented the high proportion of child labor among Negroes and maintained that in most instances adults were deprived of a living wage.

Reverend Clarence Howard, S.V.D., of Bay St. Louis, Miss., said that 365 priests, 12 of them colored, and 1,200 Sisters, 400 of them colored, were devoting their lives to religious and educational work among the Negroes of the United States. Reverend Edward O. Hughes, O.P., of Detroit, held up the example of Blessed Martin de Porres. "Social workers may rightly look to this humble Negro as a trail blazer in their specialized field. He has experienced the pangs of hunger, the wrongs of social injustice, the miserable existence in a society where avarice, greed and lust dominated the rulers and caused the merciless enslavement of powerless slaves. Compassionate sympathy and penetrating understanding were the touchstones of his ministry of mercy among the pariahs of Peru. . . . America has not seen a greater defender of the sacredness of human rights than is found in our saintly brother."

## CONTRIBUTORS

Alfred NOYES is an English poet and writer whose latest book is "No Other Man." He is at present in America and expects to go on a lecture tour.

T. D. LYONS is an attorney born and raised in the Dakota Territory, now practicing in Oklahoma. He now contributes another bit of reminiscence similar to "Lake Badus Parish."

Arlene GENEUEUX is a Quebec journalist.

Maurice I. HART teaches economics at Fordham University.

Reginald T. KENNEDY is Executive Secretary of the New York Round Table of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Emmanuel CHAPMAN is a member of the philosophy department at Fordham University, founder of the *Voice* and executive secretary of the Committee of Catholics for Human Rights.